

# The Trappan'd M A I D E N:

O R,

## The Distressed Damsel.

This Girl was cunningly trappan'd,  
Sent to *Virginny* from *England*;  
Where she doth Hardship under go,

There is no Cure, it must be so:  
But if she lives to cross the main,  
She vows she'll ne'r go there again.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.



**G**ive ear unto a Maid,  
That lately was betray'd,  
And sent into *Virginny* O:  
In brief I shall declare,  
What I have suffered there,  
When that I was weary,  
weary, weary, weary, O.

When that first I came  
To this Land of Fame,  
Which is called *Virginny*, O;  
The Axe and the hoe  
Have wrought my Overthrow,  
When that, &c.

Five Years served I,  
Under Master Guy,  
In the Land of *Virginny*, O:  
Which made me for to know,  
Sorrow, Grief and Woe;  
When that, &c.

When my Dame says, Go,  
Then I must do so,  
In the Land of *Virginny*, O;  
When she sits at Meat,  
Then I have none to eat,  
When that, &c.

The Cloaths that I brought in,  
They are worn very thin,  
In the Land of *Virginny*, O:  
Which makes me for to say,  
Alas, and Well-a-day,  
When that, &c.

Instead of Beds of Ease,  
To lye down when I please,  
In the Land of *Virginny*, O,  
Upon a Bed of Straw,  
I lay down full of Woe,  
When that I was weary,  
weary, weary, weary, O.



Then the Spider she  
Daily waits on me,  
In the Land of Virginny, D;  
Round about my Bed,  
She spins her tender web,  
When that I am weary,  
weary, weary, weary, O.

So soon as it is day,  
To work I must away,  
In the Land of Virginny, D;  
Then my Dame she knocks  
With her Cinder-box,  
When that, &c.

I have play'd my part,  
Both at Plow and at Cart,  
In the Land of Virginny, D:  
Billats from the Wood,  
Upon my back they load,  
When that, &c.

Instead of drinking Beer,  
I drink the Water clear,  
In the Land of Virginny, D;  
Which makes me pale and wan  
Do all that e'r I can,  
When that, &c.

If my Dame says, Go,  
I dare not say no,  
In the Land of Virginny, D:  
The Water from the Spring,  
Upon my head I bring,  
When that, &c.

When the Mill doth stand,  
I'm ready at command,  
In the Land of Virginny, D:  
The Porter for to make,  
Which made my heart to ache,  
When that, &c.

When the Child doth cry,  
I must sing, By a by;  
In the Land of Virginny, D:  
No rest that I can have,  
Whilst I am here a Slave,  
When that, &c.

A thousand Moes beside,  
That I do here abide,  
In the Land of Virginny, D:  
In misery I spend  
My time that hath no end,  
When that, &c.

Then let Maids beware,  
All by my ill-fare,  
In the Land of Virginny, D;  
Be sure thou stay at home,  
For if you do here come,  
You all will be weary, &c.

But if it be my chance,  
Homewards to advance,  
From the Land of Virginny, D:  
If that I once more,  
Land on English Shore,  
I'll no more be weary,  
weary, weary, weary, O.

